

FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

A Weekly Chronicle of the Fire Department, Military, Masonic, Turf, Field Sports, Regattas, Hunting, Angling, Theatrical, and General News of California.

VOL. VIII—NO. 14.

SAN FRANCISCO : SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 196.

CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY CHARLES M. CHASE.

AT SHERMAN'S BUILDING,
North East corner Clay and Montgomery streets,

TERMS FIFTY CENTS PER MONTH.

THE FIREMAN'S JOURNAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE is published every Saturday morning, and served to City Subscribers at Fifty Cents per month, payable to the Carriers. It will also mailed for six months for \$3.00 or \$5.00 a year payable invariably in advance.

Communications connected with the Editorial department, to be addressed to the editor, post-paid—on business to the Publishers.

No attention whatever will be paid to anonymous communications. Any person wishing articles published in the "Journal" must accompany them with the name of the author.

Advertisements will be inserted at the lowest rates.

All descriptions of Job Printing attended to promptly.

ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY WASHERWOMAN
(NOT) IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD AND (NOT) BY GRAY.

Farewell old friend, to me'nry ever dear,
Thy toil and labor in this world are o'er.
Let every friend to merit such a tear;
The faithful Mulligan is now no more!

In humble cot she passed a useful life,

Unseen here, and all its ills,
A tender mother, a devoted wife,
Perfection in her doing up to frills.

Of have I seen her, a ministering day,
Prone o'er her task, unmindful of the heat
With sleeves tuck'd up, she'd scrub away,
And then on hedges spread her work so neat.

Each closing weak, at eve, she took the road,
With cap and apron, handkerchief and trifles,
Stockings and vests, in wicker-baskets stow'd,
Pinned to the bundles were her little bills.

Full many a votary of fashion's shrine
Owed half his beauty to her starch and iron,
From gents who sport shirts and cambric fine,
To little boys with collars a la Byron.

One day I chanced to pass her cottage by,
And wondered where its occupant could be,
I saw a heap of clothes neglected lie,
Not at the tub, nor at the hedge was she.

Returning home, I saw upon the ground
An empty basket, with a letter tied to it;
I broke the seal, and to my anguish found
That morning Biddy Mulligan had died!

Alieu ye spotless vest of white Marseilles,
So white ye give me pleasure to put on,
Ye doublet of blue-bordered shirts, a long farewell—
Alas! poor Biddy's "occupation's gone."

Not all the symmetry of Hoback's suits,
Nor hats of Morgan exquisitely glossed,
Nor Askē's ties, nor Parker's jetty boots.
Console me for the treasure I have lost.

Oh! Mulligan, thy shirts present wear,
Now I ne'er put one on, but feeling pain,
And closing up my waistcoat in despair,
Feel I can never show their like again.

Death's ruthless hand laid thee out at last,
Thy mangling's done, his is a mangling trade,
Thou'ret bleaching in the chilly northern blast,
Pale as the shirts o'er which thy fingers stay'd.

Nymph of the tomb; attend the fun'ral throng
Plant mangold mangle wurtzel where she's laid
And scatter snow-drops as ye pass along,
Fit emblems of the whiteness of her trade.

THE EPIPHYL.

Let no homely verse be carved in stone,
No high-brown eulogy, a flattering trope,
Be then the plain inscription—this alone—
"She never yet was badly off for soap!"

MURDER IN CINCINNATI.—Another deed of blood—exhibiting a terrible commentary on the increasing depravity of "fast young men"—occurred in Cincinnati on November 10th. It appears that Charles Cook, son of the senior of the firm of Cook, Adams & Co., lumber dealers; Wm. Seltzer, son of George Seltzer baker; and Wm. Swift, son of one of the firm of Pendleton, Swift & Co., dry goods merchants, visited a house of questionable repute, kept by Caroline Watter *alias* Davis. Here one of them got into a dispute with a girl, named Kate Beareau, who was knocked down, and terribly beaten, and finally received a stab from a knife in the side. A minute after, says the *Gazette*, one of the girls of the house bent over Kate, and told her she could not live, and advised her to pray. The sin-stained courtesan, in that hour of blood, could realize the necessity of prayer—of asking forgiveness for the manifold transgressions of her erring sister, whose spirit was rapidly passing to its final account! And the victim of "the liberty of the knife" did pray—while the gaping wound in her side gave utterance to a breathing sound with every word that was uttered! She prayed for herself, for her husband and child, (who reside in New Orleans,) and sank into the arms of death with the prayer still upon her lips. What a scene for a brothel!

The three young men were immediately arrested but as Swift did not actively participate in the murder, he was released in \$6000 bail for a further hearing. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict against Cook, as the principal in the murder, and Seltzer as an accessory. The deceased was about 26 years of age, and of great personal attractions. The *Gazette* adds:

Cook, the alleged murderer, is, perhaps 20 years of age, and is the son of a wealthy citizen. Of late years he has been regarded as a pretty wild boy, and some time since his father gave him \$700 with which to go to California. He went to New York for that purpose, but the vessel upon which he took passage met with some slight accident when a few hours out and returned to port. Cook then concluded to give up his trip to California, and returned to his home in Cincinnati. The parents of the young men are in the deepest distress, and the murder has created no little excitement.

The printers and telegraph operators of New Orleans have taken steps towards erecting a monument over the grave of Franklin, in Philadelphia.

The Emigrant Girl.

I was walking with my father one day on one of the wharves in Boston harbor. We were looking through a small spy-glass at the remnant of an old ship that laid against the shivering bank of an island, when a friend came toward us whom my father had not seen for many years. We walked and talked together, speaking of the unsightly object we had just been gazing at, when our friend, an old sea-captain, gave us the following little history, which I will endeavor to jot down in his own language.

"Yes, sir, I've sailed in that old hulk that lies rotting there, many a long year. She used to run between Bremen and here. A splendid clipper she was, a regular ocean beauty in those days when I was aforesome the mast. Her name was the 'Jenny Saunders,' and her commander's name was Galliger. Many's the crew of fine, honest men I've seen aboard of her, but her captain was a belligerent old wretch. Everybody that was aboard hated him, for he was a bad man, sir, a bad man. We used to know how he'd behave in foreign ports, and he had a pretty creeter for a wife at home, sir. Sometimes she'd go to sea with him, and that would keep him in tolerable good order, but still it wouldn't prevent his cruelty to the men. If they was first-rate seamen, he generally did about fair by them except that he was as cross as thunder, always. But if a greenhorn shipped

—gracious! he'd lie take a belaying-pin to him and knock him in the head as he din'der. I've seen him do it, too! It was a young fellow that answered him back once, and he just laid his face open from crown to chin. He was a cruel man, sir.

"He took emigrants to the United States, squads of 'em. They generally got served pretty well. Pay the captain his money and he'd give you the worth of it, that's the fact. I mean in grub, of course, and tolerable kind words. Well, one passage we had an uncommon lot; five hundred, I think, young and old, a pretty decent set, too. Fact is, these German passengers, even if they are in the steerage, have their pockets pretty well lined. Well, there was families of two and five, and sometimes of ten and eleven—a good many hand-some-looking young girls among 'em too.

"The particular passage of which I'm going to tell you, was in the year thirty, a great year for the clippers. I was cleaning some part of the ship outside just as this family—the family of the girl I'm going to speak about—came on board. There was first an old man in his old-country dress—his hair was as long as my arm, and as white as the foam of the sea under the sun. He was a fine-looking old gentleman, there was no mistake about that, likewise was his wife as handsome and high-mannered an old dame as you might meet in a hundred years.—Then there were the sons, the daughters and the grandchildren. I did think it a pity for them to go in the steerage especially as they hadn't no common ways about them, but seemed as good as the best.

"Well, between two young men, one her brother and the other her lover, I expect, come a young girl not more than seventeen, the handsomest little craft that I ever laid these two eyes on, and I reckon I've seen some fine-looking women in my day, having been into all ports of the known world. I actually trembled when I saw our captain look at her, and he did give her such a hard look that she turned red as a rose. I couldn't tell why he handsome she was. Queens and great ladies might envy the red and white of her face, and even the very way she walked held her head. O, it was a sight to see! Her brother was as good-looking as herself, and a manly young fellow he was, too.

"Well, we set sail, having beautiful weather for the first few days, and I didn't often see the emigrant girl only when she came up a little while on the forward deck for an airing. I always observed that the captain would be somewhere that way, looking over at her in the most admiring manner possible; and I wanted to see her lover as the young man appeared, that it would be better not to show his little beauty so much if he wanted her kept out of harm's way. Come the second week out, and we had mighty bad weather. Meantime, you see, the captain had got to coming into the steerage and talking with the fine old German and his wife. The fool! I could have told why he singled me out for his attentions, if I had had such a pretty daughter as that. I shouldn't have been held by no manner of means. It wasn't the captain's place to be in the steerage; I longed to tell him so, more than once, but I might have paid for it with my life.

"It happened that there was but few passengers in the cabin, one of them a consumptive lady who brought her servant with her. And it happened, too, that her servant being new to the sea was very sick, and unable to attend to her mistress from the first day to the last. How it was I never knew, but our captain managed to get this handsome girl into the cabin to wait upon the sick lady. I suppose he offered her a large sum of money, and I know he gave the girl presents.

"Hans! Something, was the name of her father. He did not seem to be like the balance of the family. He had married the old man's daughter, and I don't expect he came of so good stock.—At any rate, he must have been mighty fond of money to let that girl go out of his sight and

into the company of such a man as our captain. But then—what did they know of the captain? He looked honest enough. He was handsome, that is, one of the taking kind with the ladies, black hair, eyes, and a tremendous bunch of whiskers on his upper lip. Besides he talked German with the best of them. I noticed after a while that the young fellow who appeared to have been the girl's sweetheart, grew pale and nervous. He used to be out on the deck often, and his face seemed to indicate an uneasy, jealous feeling. I could tell how it was, poor fellow—if he saw half that I did, I don't wonder, not only that he was suspicious of the captain, but I thought that if I was in his place, the captain should answer for it. He got pretty well roused one time, and—but I won't tell that part of the story till I get to it.

"I knew something of languages, enough, at any rate, to make out even the lingo of a German, and one day being down in the steerage bus at something, I heard an expression that made open my ears. Just then, down came the girl—o, but she did look prettier than ever. She had on a foreign looking silk apron, I think the women call it, and a pair of glistening earrings in her ears, and her hair was all finished up, her cheeks aglow. The old woman had been sick, but now she was out of her birth, tidied up, and held her knitting, though she seldom took a stitch, the ship rolled so after the storm. The whole family were there, saving the girl's sweetheart, and he, as soon as he heard her footsteps, had jumped up and gone to a different part of the ship. I see she looked after him in that sort of way girls look sometimes when they know they can do just what they please with a man's heart, and I took notice that she was very much flustered. So, as I said before, I heard the captain's name this time the young girl spoke. Then they all looked anxious and pleased at the same time, then one asked a question, and another asked a question. All at once, a new light broke over me, and for a moment it shook me like I had felt an ague chill. I didn't know what was my duty, for I was as much afraid of the captain's ugly temper, as any man could be, as I listened and listened, I couldn't bear it any longer, and going up to the people, I said a few words in their own language. The girl smiled at me in a mocking way, and turning to the rest, seemed eagerly denying my statement.

"I only made the reply—it is true, quite true."

"The old lady seemed horror-struck; the woman especially, seemed on the verge of fainting, but the younger one only laughed with her daughter, and seemed unwilling to give any credit to my statement. Finding I could make no impression upon them, I went after the sweetheart, and in the best manner I could, let him know my suspicions. I never saw a man so deathly pale; he was very light, and the terror and the horror made him ghastly. His hands were clenched and the veins stood swelling on his forehead, while his "mein Gott!" was cried out in a sort of hoarse whisper-like voice, enough to curl'd one's blood. I had told them the captain was married. After that, I saw the girl go in the cabin again; the sweetheart saw it, and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horrified that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again and I never did. Sir, it was a God-ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, who

The Fireman's Journal

AND MILITARY GAZETTE.

MARCUS D. BORUCK, - - - - - Editor

SAN FRANCISCO

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

CHIEF ENGINEER,

F. E. R. WHITNEY,

Until decided by the Courts of the State.

We call the particular attention of our readers throughout the State, to the letter of the famous correspondent "Dix," in another column. It affords us pleasure to state that he will be a regular contributor to our columns, and his letters will be highly interesting as he is fully posted in regard to the matters of which he writes.

The "organs" of the "pretender" to the Chief Engineership of the San Francisco Fire Department, in endeavoring to make the best of a very bad bargain, and to find a popular turn in their lane, with the most horrid at the truths which are being presented to their notice day after day. Having rung the changes on "Feather-bedism" until that topic became stale, flat and unprofitable, they, in their dying efforts, catch hold of that effete institution, the Board of Delegates, to assist them in supporting the weakness of their cause. Well, we are charitably disposed towards them, and for the sake of "peace, harmony and efficiency" will humor them on that point.

Two or three years ago, the Board of Delegates was all powerful. It mandates, law; its decisions, respected. But it was at a time when the government of the Fire Department was carried out with honor, principle, common honesty, and with justice to all. The Board of Delegates was all powerful when men were allowed to have opinions of their own, and liberty to express them. The Board of Delegates was all powerful when that courtesy from man to man was demanded and observed: when the fact of a member rising to address the Chair, was not halted from the in and the outside, with every description of blackguardism, if his views and sentiments were not of the "popular" stripe; when the feelings of every member were treated with respect, let his political opinions be what they might; when measures were passed for the good of the entire organization, and not for any particular portion of it; when the rights of the minority were taken into consideration, discussed, and acted upon, as cheerfully as those of the majority; when the entire Board was composed of men, with whom one might associate in the privacy of the family and social circle, or in the busy scenes of every day life: when men in whom the whole community reposed confidence, presided over its deliberations: when the excitement of the wine cup did not usurp the firmness of calm and sober reflection, in making decisions for its guidance; when committees, formed to transact the business of the Board, were not made up, all from that portion in the majority: when the old established rules of the House of Representatives, by which the Board was governed, were not set at defiance and rendered obsolete: when the laws of the Department were not wilfully violated night after night, by virtue of "might makes right," and when the seats of men, to a membership of the body, properly accredited, were not stolen from them; when men were not deprived of official position, and their rights sacrificed, without the opportunity of being heard: and when the right of appeal was recognized; then it was that the Board of Delegates was all powerful.

What is it now? An eye-sore to the people, a blot and stain upon the city, and a disgrace to Fire Department, which can never be effaced. It is governed by no principle, cares for no law, and has no moral effect. Its aim is ruin; its result will be destruction. Our opinion in regard to it is not newly formed. Long before the difficulty which now exists in the Department, casts its gloom upon us, we expressed the belief that the longer continuance of the Board of Delegates, would eventually in disaster; and in our issue of June 13th, 1857, when alluding to the trials before the Board of Delegates of Mr. Van Orden, and No. 6, we held the following language:

The termination of the two trials before the Board of Delegates, on Wednesday, June 10, more fully convinces us that body is not the proper one to adjudicate upon matters of difficulty arising in the Fire Department, but that a Board of Fire Commissioners should be appointed, consisting of a few members, similar to that already existing in the Fire Department of the city of New York.

In our issue of July 11, 1857, in speaking of the disgraceful line of conduct pursued toward the late lamented Col. Mahony, at that time President of the Board, we said:

The Board of Delegates should be abolished, there is no manner of doubt, for it has been transplanted into the minds of the unbiassed, that it will do no better for the organization, but on the contrary, it will be its death warrant.

In our issue of November 14, 1857, in an article criticising the Report of the Judiciary Committee, that in case of a vacancy in the office of Chief Engineer, the Governor of the State would have power to fill it; we said:

That all (the Department) requires is a simple code of laws for its guidance, and that the only feasible plan to arrive at a consummation so devoutly to be desired is to have the *members of the Department—the Board of Delegates* place the affairs of the Department in the hands of five honest, competent, and unprejudiced men, whose action, to our way of thinking, would prove highly beneficial to the Department.

In our issue of Nov. 21st, 1857, in alluding to the election of officers of the Board, and particularly that of Secretary, we said that:

A motion was then made to proceed to a 3d. ballot, when ensued a scene of unparalleled disorder which it was impossible to quell, and the Board furnished a "splendid argument for its own abolition."

We might go on and quote from an hundred articles of our views and opinions respecting the Board of Delegates; but so as not to give the growlers in the camp of the "pretender" an opportunity to say that the "contest" influences us, we will only direct attention to those above, feeling well assured they are conclusive to the point sought to be attained. We doubt if the point sought will feel inclined to gnaw at the bones we have thrown them.

Next week, we shall answer the charge that we are pandering to the feelings and prejudices of the members of the Vigilance Committee for the purpose of making patronage for this paper; and we shall also show that the charge, that the friends of Chief Engineer Whitney, made the Vigilance Committee an issue in Fire Department matters, is "false from beginning to end," and those who made the charge will wish they had not.

UNION HOSE.—The regular monthly meeting of the Union Hose Company will be held at the hose house, on Monday evening next, at 7½ o'clock. The punctual attendance of every member is requested.

CONFIDENCE HOSE.—A meeting of Confidence Hose Company will be held at the hose house on Monday evening next at the usual hour.

Letter from Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 27, 1858.

Editor Fireman's Journal:—There is no event of moment stirring in fire matters. The wet weather seems to have put an effectual damper upon accidental conflagration. It is a singular circumstance that at this season of the year, when indoor fires are largely multiplied by the exigencies of the weather, and are seen glowing in every shop and household, that catastrophes by fire are much less frequent than at the milder season, when stoves are stowed away to rust in back sheds and lots beyond the danger of spark or carelessness. Who can explain the apparent incongruity of circumstance?

Some of the boys, by way of recreation, indulged in a bit of "scrapping," on Christmas night, in the vicinity of the K Street Market, which eventuated in a sort of free fight for all who chose to take a hand and a miscellaneous distribution of black eyes and bloody noses. The beligerents are said to belong mostly to No. 4 and 5, with a slight sprinkling of outside innovators thrown in for seasoning. The *causus beli* could not, I think, be any hostility growing out of company differences, as the two companies are supposed to be upon very friendly terms. It probably grew out of devotion to the day and the inherent necessity of exercise to wear off the rust and keep from "spilling." It is a way the boys have of securing each other's respect.

Poor Riker was buried on Thursday last in the midst of a heavy rain, and the funeral was well attended by numerous representatives from the several companies of the Department. The members of No. 1, deserve much respect for the unwearied and humane attentions bestowed upon their unfortunate comrade during his long and toilsome illness. He was far away from kindred, but not from friends, and those with whom he had associated and contributed his manly strength looked upon him with compassion and fraternal solicitude when they saw him stricken down by the heavy hand of affliction. What generous hearts and willing hands could do to save or relieve, was freely contributed for his good, and the men of unrefined exterior and rough expression, who occasionally let slip an unmeaning or idle oath, which shocks the plow sensibilities of cloaked hypocrites, but makes "the judicious griever," were found at the midnight watch by the bedside of "poor Bill" smoothing the pillow of waning life with kind and gentle ministrations of mercy. There is no manlier a heart beating under the coarse lining of a rough coat.

Mr. Wand is slowly but steadily recovering. Dr. Morse operated upon the wound on Monday for the purpose of extracting the ball, which he found, but owing to its peculiar location, it was thought the better part of wisdom not to force the matter at the present time. It is intimated that certain interested parties are not only endeavoring to influence Wand's wife, but his cook also, to use him as a medium of vindication or counter crimination, etc. I should advise the gentlemen to hold still and let the liniment of public opinion be gently rubbed in, as any unnecessary struggling and kicking will only open the wound afresh.

His funeral took place on Thursday Nov. 25th from his late residence No. 57 Bank street. The funeral services took place at the Methodist Church corner 7th Avenue and 11th street, after which the remains were conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery, by the fire department and an immense number of Citizens. There was no music, and not a bough or banner seen in the procession. The following gentlemen were pall bearers, Hon. D. F. Tiemann, Mayor of the City, John A. Cregier, Assistant Engineer Fire Department; James Kolly, Esq., Washington Smith, President of the Board of Fire Governors, Carlisle Norwood, Esq., Zophar Mills, Esq., Exempt Fireman, A. Hoagland, Esq., Supervisor, Peter P. Voorhees, Esq.

The New York *Leader* from which we take much of the above, truly says, that in the death of Mr. Anderson the City has been deprived of a faithful public officer, the Fire Department of one of its warmest and most sincere friends, and society a gallant and worthy gentleman. A good "badge system" would materially aid an officer in keeping up the credit and responsibility of the Department; the present system being a dead failure, as the "badges" are continually lost, and as a natural consequence they are appropriated when found, by unworthy persons, who can then represent "Firemen of the city of New York." Several amendments to the "badge law" have been proposed, but the only one I find noticed by our papers here, is the one proposed by myself, through the columns of the *Fireman's Advocate*, some months ago, viz: Let the badges be made of silver, instead of brass, and let every member be charged in the same manner as he is for his certificate—say \$2 for his own. By this means we should not only have a much more seemly appearance, but what men have to pay for, they are not so likely to lose, as what they get for nothing, and is worth a good sum.

A good "badge system" would materially aid an officer in keeping up the credit and responsibility of the Department; the present system being a dead failure, as the "badges" are continually lost, and as a natural consequence they are appropriated when found, by unworthy persons, who can then represent "Firemen of the city of New York."

There was no music, and not a bough or banner seen in the procession. The following gentlemen were pall bearers, Hon. D. F. Tiemann, Mayor of the City, John A. Cregier, Assistant Engineer Fire Department; James Kolly, Esq., Washington Smith, President of the Board of Fire Governors, Carlisle Norwood, Esq., Zophar Mills, Esq., Exempt Fireman, A. Hoagland, Esq., Supervisor, Peter P. Voorhees, Esq.

The New York *Leader* from which we take much of the above, truly says, that in the death of Mr. Anderson the City has been deprived of a faithful public officer, the Fire Department of one of its warmest and most sincere friends, and society a gallant and worthy gentleman.

GRANTED.—Judge Norton has given the writ of *certiorari* applied for by Chief Engineer Whitely, to compel the Board of Delegates to show upon what evidence they ordered a new election for Chief Engineer. The order was issued on Thursday, and made returnable on Saturday next, the 8th inst.

From the bottom of our heart we thank God, that this matter has been delivered out of the hands of that detestable institution, the Board of Delegates; and will now be adjudicated upon by a tribunal where your Jones' and Biden's, cannot choke off all expression of opinion, and put a gag in the mouths of those who please to differ with them. Before Judge Norton, the previous question will be of no avail. No prepared "bill of fare or programme," will be submitted to. Blackguardism will not be permitted, and Judge Norton, will without doubt show his "contempt," for those who request him a trial to the infernal regions, if his decision should be unpalatable.

In Judge Norton's Court, there will be no "Pit," for the buffoons of the Board, to divert their sallies of low wit to tickle the ears of the groundlings. There will be no well understood appeals from the Chair, when the "wink" is given. There will be no "ordering" men to their seats by virtue of a well developed "muscle," but everything will be conducted on true law principles, and Biden and Jones will find their level.

EMPIRE 1.—We visited the Fulton Foundry on Thursday, to see what progress had been made with the apparatus of No. 1. We found Mr. Worth busily engaged in making the necessary changes and improvements. The works of No. 1 will be placed two feet further forward in the box, so that the weight will rest, to a greater extent, on the forward portion of it. The great fault heretofore, has been that almost the entire weight rested on the rear of the engine. No. 1 is to be supplied with springs, which will greatly assist her running. The old iron bed-plate is to be replaced with one composed of brass, lead, copper and zinc, which will not only be tougher, but much lighter. There are other and various additions of a beneficial nature to be made to her, before she leaves the builder's hands. We always looked upon No. 1 as one of the very best pieces of machinery in the Department, and with the changes now being made in her, she will in reality, be a No. 1 engine; and we shall be truly glad when she is completed and in the hands of the company.—The "Empire" is a hard-working portion of the Department, and has done good service at all times, and the only drawback has been the absolute requirements now being met in their apparatus.

ARRIVAL.—We had the extreme pleasure of meeting, on yesterday, Mr. Daniel T. Willet, of New York. Mr. W. is an old New fireman, having joined Phoenix 13, in 1833, serving out his time in her and many years afterwards. Mr. W. is also a member of the "Old Guard," the exempt Firemen's Association of New York. He has come to California on business, and will remain here until February. Mr. Willet has been taken in hand by Chief Engineer Whitney, First Assistant Engineer Van Orden, and other prominent members of the Department, and every course and attention will be extended to him during his stay.

KNICKERBOCKER 5.—Would it not be well, now a sewer is being constructed in Sacramento street, and the street is to be paved with cobble stones to construct a drain from the house of No. 5 to the sewer and thereby add greatly to the convenience of the members and the safety of the building. We have no doubt that upon proper application to Mr. Hossefross, the Superintendent of Streets, the improvement suggested will be made.

STREETS.—The streets while running to the north on Monday evening, were in a horrible condition. We are glad to know the Street Commissioner took Kearny street for his road; that thoroughfare will now be put in good order. The Superintendent knows every hole in it.

PROMPTLY PAID.—Messrs. McLean & Fowler, Agents paid \$1,000, on Monday, to Mr. Schreiber for losses sustained by him at the fire on Christmas day. Such promptitude is commendable.

CONFIDENCE HOSE.—A meeting of Confidence Hose Company will be held at the hose house on Monday evening next at the usual hour.

CONFIDENCE HOSE.—A meeting of Confidence Hose Company will be held at the hose house on Monday evening next at the usual hour.

Cornelius V. Anderson.

• SACRAMENTO, Dec. 27, 1858.
Editor Fireman's Journal:—There is no event of moment stirring in fire matters. The wet weather seems to have put an effectual damper upon accidental conflagration. It is a singular circumstance that at this season of the year, when indoor fires are largely multiplied by the exigencies of the weather, and are seen glowing in every shop and household, that catastrophes by fire are much less frequent than at the milder season, when stoves are stowed away to rust in back sheds and lots beyond the danger of spark or carelessness. Who can explain the apparent incongruity of circumstance?

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and afterwards those of Howard 3 and California 4, in respect to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson Ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No.

The Firemen's Journal.

AGENTS.

Sacramento.....	George J. Linton
Stockton.....	C. O. Barton
Marysville.....	Randall & Co.
Placerville.....	J. W. Sanderson
Sonora.....	Davis & Roy
Downsville.....	Ladd & Gute
Yreka.....	A. Roman
Redding.....	W. McGehee
Santa Clara.....	F. C. Reed
San Jose.....	Elmer Reed
New York.....	J. F. Peck

Unsafe Buildings.
St. Mary's Hospital, Stockton street, East side, between Broadway and Vallejo streets.

Jefferson Hotel, Commercial street, opposite Union Theatre.

Nos. 210 and 212 Kearny street, East side, between Jackson and Pacific.

Buildings rear of 298 Stockton street, East side, opposite Virginia Block.

Brick building on Ohio street, West side, between Broadway and Pacific.

California Hotel, corner Dupont and Commercial streets.

Brick building No. 181 Washington street.

Subscriptions.

TO THE FIRE DEPARTMENT CEMETERY FUND—up to the present date, at the office of H. A. Cobb, Chairman Cemetery Committee.

F. E. R. Whitney, Chief Engineer.....\$550.00

Marcus D. Borwick, Asst. Chief Engineer.....100.00

Jas. E. Hayes, Asst. Chief Engineer.....20.00

T. H. S. Sulley, Pres't Brannan Ass'n.....25.00

H. A. Cobb, Treasurer Fire Dept.....20.00

E. P. Buckley, member of No. 11.....10.00

R. H. Sinton, member of No. 6.....10.00

Alta California Office.....14.00

Herald Office.....10.00

W. Ossian Smith, 1st Asst. Eng. F. D. Co. 20.00

J. P. Johnson.....5.00

C. M. Chase, member of No. 6.....10.00

Fred K. Kohler, ex-Chief Engineer F. D. Co. 10.00

W. H. Hanrahan, Secy's Manhattan F. D. Co. 10.00

Wm. Hart, member, Same... H. & S. 10.00

G. H. Franklin, Secy's Manhattan F. D. Co. 10.00

John A. Harrison.....10.00

Benefit at the Circus.....32.50

Benefit of the American Theatre, (about).....125.00

Isaiah W. Lees, Same.....50.00

St. Francis Hotel and Livery Company.....50.00

S. H. Litigation, Same.....100.00

Briggs Board of Delegates.....200.00

G. & F. L. Castle.....100.00

De La Rue & Schneefel.....100.00

New Orleans Warehouse.....25.00

Thos. J. Hayes & Co. 10.00

T. H. S. Sulley & Co. 10.00

James & Bondi, Same.....20.00

Washburn & Co. 10.00

McRuer & Morris.....10.00

Geo. H. Davis, Same.....10.00

Conroy & O'Connor.....10.00

J. P. Hayes & W. B. Johnston.....50.00

R. S. Eells & Co. 25.00

W. F. Walton & Co. 20.00

Morris Speyer.....50.00

And others.....95.00

Leonidas Haskell.....100.00

L. W. Sheldon.....100.00

A. B. Grogan.....50.00

A. T. Lawton & Co. 50.00

Wm. Horr & Co. 100.00

Butcher's Association.....140.00

Total.....\$2040.00

To Firemen throughout California and Oregon.

Having been properly empowered by the manufacturers, we are now ready to negotiate with companies throughout California and Oregon, (about purchasing new apparatus,) for the sale of the celebrated Boston Engines; whose power and capacity is so well known.

Terms made known at this office.

Sacramento Agency.

GEORGE J. LITLER is the duly authorized agent of the FIREMAN'S JOURNAL, in Sacramento. All orders for paper left at his office, only, will be attended to promptly.

Notice.—Mr. S. Wineschauk, is authorised to procure advertisements and subscriptions for this paper, from this date.

Agent.—Mr. James McGinn, who is about making an extended tour throughout the State, is authorized to receive subscriptions for this paper. McGinn is a good worker, and will do well. He has the agency of several other papers.

IN SUBORDINATION.—The military of Rhode Island must be in a shocking state of insubordination, if the following are to be taken as instances of the spirit prevails:

"A valiant colonel was sentenced by court-martial to give up his sword, which he did; but soon afterwards his astonished commander saw him at the head of his men, with an uncommonly long sword marching in all the consciousness of unquestioned rank. 'Where did you get that sword?' indignantly asked the superior officer. 'I bought it,' was the reply. The other example is a still more flagrant disregard of that militia discipline, without which the militia is of very little use. An officer had been tried by court-martial, for some offense; what it was we do not remember; perhaps for assuming the rank and duties which pertained to a higher grade. He was sentenced to be reprimanded, and to deliver up his sword to thirty days. The reprimand he bore with great equanimity; as for the sword, he informed the court that he had returned the weapon to George Baker's store, where he hired it at the moderate rate of four and sixpence a day, and he did not doubt that the court might obtain it on the same terms, or even at a discount from that price, in consideration of the long time for which it was wanted."

BE PLEASANT.—Do be pleasant—Oh why can't you? Will you feel any better for snapping, snarling or growling? You know you won't, if your heart was really a dirty dash, and ugly emotions and cross words were the uncleanliness, it would be a good plan to get them all out as fast as possible, but unfortunately there can be no such sudden cleansing of a man's interior. The more objectionable stuff he throws out, the more there grows to replace it—its only smothering and choking that suits his case. Speak pleasantly, then, especially to the people in any respect beneath you—whether they be inferior to you in rank, learning, power or age: try to be pleasant towards them whether you really feel good natured or not. If you get your mouth open to throw out a spike or a dagger, shut it till you like the juggler, transform the weapon into a flower. Oh do be kind and pleasant everybody, to everybody, and the millennium will come at once.

Once a gentleman, who had the gift of shaping a good many things out of orange peels, was displaying his abilities at a dinner party before Theodore Hook and Mr. Thomas Hill, and succeeded in counterfeiting a pig, to the admiration of the company. Mr. Hill tried the same feast, and after destroying and stirring the table with the post of a dozen oranges, gave it up with the exclamation: "Hang the pig—I can't make one."

"Nay, Hill," exclaimed Hook, glancing at the table; "you have done more; instead of one pig you have made a litter!"

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Fire Engines.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD INVITE

AT THEIR ESTABLISHMENT to manufacture

OF FIRE ENGINES, HOSE, HOSE REELS, AND FIRE APPARATUS.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of

Engineers, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools,

and have a large stock of materials,

expressed for the manufacture of